A Welcome to the MEDAL;

OR AN

Excellent New SONG; Call'd *The Constitution Restor'd*, in 1711.

To the Tune of *Mortimer's-Hole.*

1.
LEt's Joy in the *Medal with* James *the* II'd's *Face*,
And the *Advocates* that Pleaded for him;
Tho' the Nation Renounces the whole *Popish Race*,
Great Lewis *of France* will Restore him.
La, la, &c.

2.
Health to the New Coll'nels and Captains so Pritty,
With *S——lk* and the rest of the Train, Sir,
Who Play'd thro' the City, the *High-Church-Men's* Ditty,
The King shall his own have again, Sir.
La, la, &c.

3.
What tho' we did Swear to the *Protestant Heir*,
And roundly Abjur'd the *Pretender*,
Our Oaths must give place to the *True Royal Race*,
Or our *High Faith* will want a *Defender.*
La, la, &c.

4.
Who wou'd not rejoyce at a *Turn of the State*,
Which Rescu'd our *Old Constitution?*
From that Happy Period, we joyfully Date
The Fall of the *Curs'd Revolution.*
La, la, &c.

5.
To begin with *Resistance*, *Sacheverel* did say,
'Tis *the Doctrine of Devils, and Bell, Sir*,
But *Passive-Obedience* does now bear the Sway,
As the Wise *I——sh Bishops* can tell, Sir
La, la, &c.

6.
Hereditary Right, which sav'd *James the Just*,
From the Damnable *Bill of Exclusion*;
Will bring in his *Son*, as *High Church Men* do trust,
To the *Hannover-House's* Confusion
La, la, &c.

7
And to shew that the *Jacobite* Interest rises,
To *High Churchmen's* great Consolation,
The *Pretender's Medals* do bear double Prizes,
And his *Friends* are in high Reputation
La, la, &c.

8
While thus our Brave *Priesthood* with vigilant Care,
Our Factions and Ferments do Nourish,
Old *Lewis* is sure to succeed in the War,
And his *Grandson's* Scepter must Flourish
La, la, &c.

9
The *Dutch* shall be Ruin'd, the *Whiggs* shall be Damn'd,
And *Austria's House* be Confounded;
The *Gaul's* shall Rejoyce, while our *Allies* are Shamm'd,
And our Quarrels with *France* are Compounded
La, la, &c.

10
Now *Pr——r*, and *M——r* with *Pistoles* in great store,
From *France* are Arrived at *Dover*;
And *ABEL* may Roar, 'till his Lungs are quite Sore,
That there can be no need of *Hannover.*
La, la, &c.

11
Great *Treaties* like ours, must infallibly bear,
Since the Persons Employ'd, are so *Able*,
Tho' one was a *Drawer*, and t'other, some Swear
Was the Politick *Groom of a Stable*
La, la, &c.

12
Yet they're guided by one, who is very well known,
And a *thorow pac'd Statesman* is reckon'd;
In the *Rad——r Address the Whiggs he knock'd down*,
With the 12*th of* K. Charles *the Second*
La, la, &c.

13
Thus bravely he Fights their *Lewd Bill of Rights.*
And baffles their *Damn'd Revolution*;
By Statutes Repeal'd, *Non-resistance* he beat'd,
And to *High-Church he gave Absolution*
La, la, &c.

14
Wide open to all a *Subscription Book* stands,
With some *Advocates at Edin—borow*;
Where *Perkin's true Friends* do set to their Hands,
If he'll come, they'll receive him to Morro.
La, la, &c.

15
Good Mr. *Dundass*, has giv'n him a *Pass*,
The Kingdom of *Scotland* to enter,
And the Dutchess *of Gordon*, that brave *Popish Lass*,
Does Swear by the Mass, He may venture
La, la, &c.

16
By such *Great Examples*, all People will find
That the *Jacobites* are in no Peril
For the *Prince at St. Germains*, to speak out their Mind,
Or to Drink a full Bumper to *Sorrel*
La, la, &c.

17
Thus *Lesley*, and *Hicks*, with their Politick *Tricks*,
Have gain'd on the Sense of the Nation;
The *Dissenters* are troubled to find themselves bubbled
For *Indulgence* is no *Toleration*
La, la, &c.

18
Their *Barns* are burnt down, and their *Teachers* are damn'd
For Preaching in *Tubs* without *Orders*;
The Silly *Low-Church*, will be left in the Lurch,
And the *Scoch Kirk* drove out of our Borders.
La, la, &c

19
Let *Schismaticks* Pine, let *Republicans* Wine,
And hence forth abandon these Nations;
While *Tories* Rejoyce, and cry with one Voice
Obedience without Limitations.
La, la, &c

20.
Let our *Trade* go to Wreck, and all our *Stocks* Sink,
While our *High Church* Rides safe from all Danger
Since Land's above *Mony*, we have reason to think
The *QUEEN's-Brother* will Conquer the *Stranger.*
La, la, &c.

21
Let the *Whigs* that love Trade, the *South-Seas* Invade,
And there we will give 'em *Debenture*;
For the Mony they've Lent, till the whole Sum be spent
And a *Spunge* wipe out all their Adventures.
La, la, &c

22
They shall have for Director, their *German Elector*
Who certainly will not Play Booty;
He's too much in the Stock, the Project to Shock,
Good PRINCESS SOPHIA Adieu t'ye.
La, la, &c.

Oxford at the *Theatre*. M.DCC.XI.